

VOLUME XXVI.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 29, 1895.

NUMBER 661.

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Designed
and Made by
Whiting M'f'g Co.

"Mischief" for defeating "Atalanta" in AMERICA'S CUP RACES.

Solid Silver

(Exclusively.)



WHITING M'F'G CO.

Silversmiths,

Broadway & 18th St.,

NEW YORK.

HILTON, HUGHES & CO.,
Successors to A. T. STEWART & CO.

BUY BLANKETS IN AUGUST!

Why not—when prices are near to half!

Three winks of the moon and it will be Winter—and Blanket prices will be as stiff as icicles. Think then of 30 or 40, maybe 50 per cent. saved on the Blanket money just by putting it out two or three months ahead of time! Beats owning a share in a Giant baseball team—just now.

This Blanket movement is as notable as the Carpet sale that has been making such a sensation.

Not a mean Blanket in the lot, not a hurt or a smirched Blanket. These are brand new, spick and span, big and generous.

The size range is from Crib Blankets to the biggest "tuck ins" for a double bed—maybe a hundred sorts. A few all cotton, some cotton and wool, mostly Pure Wool, and in every case we give you the size as the yard-stick shows it and the precise weight.

\$1.50 BLANKETS AT \$1 PAIR.

All cotton. Called 10x4, actual size 54x72 in. These are white cotton Blankets—real Blankets—not the wide domet flannel kind with combed faces that so many stores tell of.

\$3 BLANKETS AT \$2.50 PAIR.

Called 11x4, actual size 70x82 in., weight 5½

pounds. These are sturdy gray Blankets, cotton warp and wool filling.

\$4 BLANKETS AT \$3 PAIR.

Called 11x4, actual size 70x80 in., weight 5 pounds. Slightly, serviceable white Blankets. No, not all wool; there's a light spool cotton warp, hidden by the mellow, pure wool filling.

\$6.50 BLANKETS AT \$5 PAIR.

Called 11x4, actual size 70x82 in., weight 5 pounds. Every thread wool—good wool, clean, soft and white.

\$7.50 BLANKETS AT \$6 PAIR.

Called 11x4, actual size 70x82 in., weight 5 pounds. Fine, clean, white wool, put together in the best blanket way.

\$9 BLANKETS AT \$7.50 PAIR.

Called 11x4, actual size 70x82 in. High grade in every way. White, 5 pounds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Crib Blankets at \$1.75 to \$4 the pair. Double Bed Spreads, \$1. Double Marseilles Spreads, \$2.50.

And so the story goes. We made arrangements for this sale months ago at prices which could not be repeated now. The quantities are large, but we have no hope of continuing these prices after these lots are gone.

TRUNKS

for travelers or stay at home, for every trunk use, and the most interesting trunk prices ever made in New York, they say.

Duck covered muslin lined Dress Trunks, 2 trays, best brass Excelsior locks and rollers, 32 in., \$5.50; 34 in., \$6; 36 in., \$6.50. Regularly \$6.50 to \$7.50.

Grain leather Gladstone Bags, nickel trimmings, 18 in., \$3.50; 24 in., \$4.50.

Grain leather Club Bags, leather lined, all sizes, \$2.65.

Steamer Trunks, cloth lined, best brass locks, \$3.75 to \$6.50.

Steamer Chairs, \$2 to \$3.75. Marked and delivered on steamer or cars free.

BASEMENT.

HIGH GRADE BICYCLES \$50.

Rakish, light, strong, dust proof bearings, first-class in every way and just the kinds that are now bringing \$100 in some stores. Bring your wheelwise friend and let him tell you how good they are. If you knew the maker's name that would be enough. He warrants the wheels.

BASEMENT.

GROCERIES.

Buy at random. You're safe. We warrant

everything. What a comfort for the housewife to know that she can order Groceries without guesswork.

Jersey cold-packed Tomatoes, best quality, more economical than fresh tomatoes for stewing. Three days only, 7c. can.

California Breakfast Gem, "Pettijohn's" original breakfast food. The best. This week only 8c. 2 lb. package.

Belfast Ginger Ale (Corry & Co.'s), best quality, no corks to pull, patent stoppers—no holder necessary. 10c. bottle; \$1.14 dozen; \$5.50 5 dozen case.

Pure Fruit Syrups, all kinds, made expressly for us, 32c. pint, 64c. quart.

Claret Lemonade, finest quality, used with ice water; three days only, 26c. bottle.

Knapp's Root Beer Extract, each bottle makes 6 to 10 gallons, 12c. bottle.

French boneless Sardines, finest quality pure olive oil, 28c., large can.

French Olive Oil, our own importation, none finer, 64c., large bottle; \$7.20 doz.; 36c. medium, 24c., small bottle.

Sliced Bahama Pineapples, eyeless and coreless, heavy syrup, 18c. can.

Oyster Bay Asparagus, finest quality, key attachment, a full bunch of large, white, tender spears, 18c. packing, 31c. can. \$3.60 dozen.

The Entire Block, Broadway, 4th Ave., 9th and 10th Sts.



T. K. Hennard

"NOW THAT WE ARE ENGAGED, I REALLY THINK YOU MIGHT GIVE ME A KISS."

"NO-O, I MUSTN'T, BUT (as a happy thought strikes her) MAMMA TOLD ME THAT IF I WENT OUT IN THE CANOE I MUST SIT PERFECTLY QUIET, AND NOT MOVE UNTIL YOU TOLD ME I COULD."

AN IDYLL OF THE SEASIDE.

I AM sure I have excellent reasons
For doing so, when I declare
That this is the best of all seasons
For the girl who has "nothing to wear."

NO LONGER IN DOUBT.

SHE: Have you seen Flora since
she tried to ride her bicycle?
HE: Yes, and I am fully convinced
that beauty is only skin deep.

NOT MARKED.

"I DON'T see much difference
between your sacred concert
programmes and your secular concert
programmes."

"The sacred concerts are given on
Sunday."

"I WISH I were a man! I would do
something noble, self-sacrificing."
"Propose to a girl like yourself?"



FAIR WEATHER FRIENDS.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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THE unusual comprehensiveness of this year's list of August murders excites astonishment and wide-spread comment. In the South especially, people have been killing one another in unusual numbers, so that the newspapers are scandalized and deprecate the effect of so many homicides upon the reputation of the communities in which they have occurred. August seems to be a very cross month. People who have to stay at home and work through the dog days get very much worn as to their nerves, and find self control much more difficult than at other seasons. They should take pains not to feel any worse than they can help, and special pains not to behave as bad as they feel. The more the execution of one's August impulses can be deferred until October, the less, as a general thing, one will have to regret.

* * *



THE people of the United States will be glad to see the Cuban revolutionists succeed in their purpose. They sympathize with the Cubans, not because of any enmity they bear the Spaniards nor from any desire to see Spain deprived of anything she feels is her own personal property, but because the Cubans seem better able to govern themselves than Spain is to govern them. The people of any country who are fighting for their release from the control of any European master must be very undeserving people not to win the sympathy of the Americans.



IT would be interesting to discuss how far the undeniable progress of woman toward the unrestricted pursuit of happiness has been due to the Woman's Rights agitation of the last fifty years, and how far it has been brought about by the natural growth of our civilization. There are enthusiastic woman suffragists who claim everything that has been done in this country to protect women in the enjoyment of their property, and to enable them to earn their living, as the immediate result of the efforts of woman suffragists to throw off the yoke of the tyrant man. On the other hand there are those who believe that greater liberty for women was a natural result of the working of our institutions and was a part of the progress of the times, and that it would have come rather sooner if the suffragists and Woman's Rights enthusiasts had held some of their peace.

LIFE would hardly venture to embrace this opinion, but it is a fact that there are many men to whom the vociferations of the suffragists are somewhat obnoxious, who yet will go far out of their way to secure for women any right, easement or privilege which promises to make life safer, easier or more agreeable to them. It would be a bitter thought to some of our worthy contemporaries that American women had any really valuable privileges which the Woman's Rights agitation had not won for them, but bitter as it is there is a possibility of truth in it.

* * *

PROFESSOR BEMIS, the late occupant of the chair of political economy in Chicago University, has severed his relations with that institution. Chicago gas costs \$1.10 a thousand feet; Professor

Bemis thought sixty cents quite enough to pay. It costs five cents to ride in a Chicago street car; Professor Bemis thought three cents a better rate. It is supposed that Professor Bemis impressed the University authorities as being too practical a man to be advantageously employed on a theoretical job in a growing city like Chicago.

* * *

MARK TWAIN says that his lecturing tour is not for his own benefit, but that of his creditors. He is ambitious to pay in full all the debts of the publishing firm in which he was a partner. He thinks he can earn the money by lecturing in three or four years, and after that he intends to settle down and make a living comfortably by writing.

* * *

REPORT says that Lady William Beresford (late Marlborough), and her husband paid \$4,000 for a salmon stream in Norway and caught two fish. That was high for salmon, but Lady Beresford is too good a sportswoman to haggle over cost. She has angled for British dukes, and she knows that the fun of fishing is in the fishing, and bears no near relation to the value of what one lands.



OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

EVERY three dollars sends a child to LIFE's Farm for a two week's outing.

Previously acknowledged.	\$3,674 86	
M. & R.	3 00	
C. M.	10 00	
In Memory of Little Phil.	3 00	
Dorothy Vernon Ruxton, Aug. 13	3 00	
William Nichols.	3 00	
Peggy Kemp.	10 00	
Frank E. Heywood.	10 00	
Box 979, N. Y. P. O.	10 00	
Mackinac.	3 00	
W. S. S.	50 00	
T. T. S.	50 00	
C. B.	3 00	
Bar Harbor, Cash.	1 00	
Edith Miller, Sacramento.	6 00	
In Memory of Little Ruth.	3 00	
Sunapee, N. H., Cash.	3 00	
E. B.	6 00	
K. M. T.	1 00	
In Memory of R. M. E.	2 00	
Wilkesbarre, Cash.	3 00	
J. W. B.	3 00	
Far Rockaway.	10 00	
H. C.	10 00	
Elizabeth B. R., Denver.	3 00	
L. Le R.	10 00	
Sunday School Class of Mrs. Walter Learned.	5 00	
I. M.	3 00	
L. B. J.	3 00	
Proceeds of Tableaux given by three little children, viz.: Ray, Mabel and Charlie.	9 00	
H. C. N., West Newton, Mass.	1 50	
Cash.	10 00	
E. H. S.	15 00	
		\$4,207 68
In Memory of A. J. S.	\$10 00	
Proceeds of a Fair held at Earlcourt, Aug. 12th, by four little girls, Jeannette and Neva Hecker, Margaret Ivins & Florence Stevenson	41 82	
Harris Whittemore, Jr.	20 00	
Two Helens and Two Marians.		
Judy.	5 00	
Elizabeth.	3 00	
A Class in the S. S. of Emanuel Church.	5 00	
Nancy and Nell.	6 00	
Cash.	1 00	
Angel Child.	1 00	
Miss A. B. Roberts.	5 00	
Stanley & Wright.	3 00	
G. & E.	2 00	
Vassar.	3 00	
The Orphan Asylum.	15 00	
In Memory of Little E. F.	25 00	
J. S. Y.	3 00	
Louise H. M.	3 00	
Mrs. X—in.	3 00	
Margaret, Ruth and Amy Larned.	10 00	
Midgie.	3 00	
Papa and Mamma.	5 00	
M. A. D.	10 00	
J. F. T.	25 00	
In Memory of S. F. B.	10 00	
E. L. T.	9 00	
M. W. and one other.	Philadelphia.	10 00
In Memory of H. L. B.	12 50	

We thank Messrs. A. G. Spalding & Brothers for one half dozen baseballs, duly received at LIFE's Farm.



"IF THAT DOG LIKES BEER I WOULDN'T GIVE A NICKEL FOR MY LIFE."

THE IMPRESSIONIST AND THE WIDOWED LADY.
No. I.

IT was one of those warm spring days and I felt like taking life pleasantly—pleasantly, that is, with Mrs. Turnbull. It was early, only a little after three, as I went up the steps, and I said to myself, "There'll be no one else, and we can skip all the nothings." I wasn't prepared for a fashionable visit; I'd been lunching at the club in a serge suit and my last year's spring overcoat; this with my low hat I could leave in the hall unseen, and I felt, in the careful light always to be found in Mrs. Turnbull's discreet drawing-room, and under her friendly, uncritical eyes, my informal costume might escape notice. She was "at home." Her little maid is so sympathetic and cool looking—such an attraction in a maid servant; however, a cool appearance to

my mind is more essential to any sort of a servant than a "character." I moved toward the drawing-room, the maid preceding me, and suddenly there was a babble of voices, among which my name fell like a pebble, creating a ripple of murmurs. It was too late to retreat, and I followed my name, a little timidly, into—a *ladies' lunch party*! If ever a fish felt out of water! I bowed and was introduced all around, Mrs. Turnbull evidently wishing to help me out of my embarrassment. The last guest was one of those cupid-ridden women who falls in love with every man they meet, and for whom the whole world is divided into three classes:—the men they *have* flirted with "desperately," and the men they *are* flirting with "desperately," and the men they *hope* to flirt with "desperately!" No man could escape this sort of amorous switch-back with Mrs. Tindley when once introduced, without being unpardonably rude. Mrs. Turnbull introduced me yesterday, and I was unpardonably rude. I hear she said last night at a late supper, that she couldn't understand what Mrs. Turnbull saw in me, and that I was hurting Mrs. T's reputation. I think this will come in conveniently for an excuse to go to see Mrs. Turnbull again to-day—but I must finish about my other visit.

I spoiled the luncheon party! Whether they were telling stories not proper for men to hear, or for what reason I don't know, but they all left.

Mrs. Turnbull gave a sigh to herself and a cigarette to me. "You did wrong to refuse Mrs. Tindley's invitation."

"Why?" I asked.

"Idle men all find her amusing."

I don't know why it is, but women of the world always think painters, and writers, and musicians never have anything to do.

"I hope," I said, "you are not so desperate for occupation as to have taken up the inequalities of the sexes. You are not going to be *new*!"

"Oh, no," she laughed, "I'm not old enough yet."

"How old are you?"

She rose. "Good afternoon," she said. "I am only *interviewed* between the hours of 11 and 12.30 A. M."

"I only asked (*I kept my chair*) because Mrs. Pankgor said—"

"What did that woman say?" she gasped interruptingly, and reseating herself heavily at the same time.

"That you didn't look your age whatever it was."

"What did she mean?"

"I don't know; that's why I asked."

"I should say it was complimentary; what do you think?"

"That, or jealousy."

"Jealousy! Of *you*?"

This hadn't occurred to me but I shrugged my shoulders significantly to watch the effect.

"You conceited thing!" she added.

I regretted my little maneuver after this unsatisfactory outcome.

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that, of course!" I protested.

"Really men are—"

"But I didn't mean that, I say!"

"Oh, it's too late to take it back now!"
 "I'm not taking it back."
 "Well, then, why are you painting her portrait?"
 "For money."
 "I'll believe that when I see her husband's check."
 "You don't really think—"
 "It's a notorious fact that Mr. Van Tinkleton happened in on you and found the canvas barely touched, although his wife had given you thirteen sittings!"
 "Thirteen is an unlucky number!"
 "You had only painted in half the face."
 "It was finished down to the lips!"
 "Yes. A nice place to stop work—for a while!"
 "Really you're not in earnest!" I expostulated.

"Well at least I'm glad Mrs. Van Tinkleton's portrait is finished, and I'll be gladder when Mrs. Pankgor's is."

"So will I."
 "Honestly?"
 "Yes." A wild hope seized my heart and carried it away and me with it. My voice trembled as I said: "Mrs. Turnbull—"
 "No, you mustn't."
 "Mustn't what?"
 "Say what you are going to."
 "What am I going to say?"

"Mrs. Van Tinkleton," announced the maid. Somehow or other she didn't seem so cool as usual, or else I wasn't.
 "Not at—" began Mrs. Turnbull, but stopped as the lady herself entered.

"Only a moment; I won't keep you a moment," she said on seeing me—which I thought very bad taste in her. But at a signal from Mrs. T., which there was no mistaking, she held out her hand, but I vowed I was just leaving, and took my departure.

Clyde Fitch.

TRANSFERRED.

I PRESS my suit, to call on her
 My trowsers are in creases;
 I call on her to press my suit,
 And find her scorn increases.

THE benighted barbarian, in accordance with the time-honored custom of his tribe, lay in wait in the grass, waiting for the approach of the maiden whom he had chosen to woo.

As soon as she passed, he arose, and with one blow of the large and knotty club he carried, felled her to the earth.

She awoke from the consequent swoon, to find herself flung across his shoulder, as he proceeded toward his hut. Though dazed at first, she realized that she had been proposed to in the regular style. "Dear me, Mr. Gwrrbblu," she twittered, "this is so sudden!"

In her case there was really some excuse for the remark.

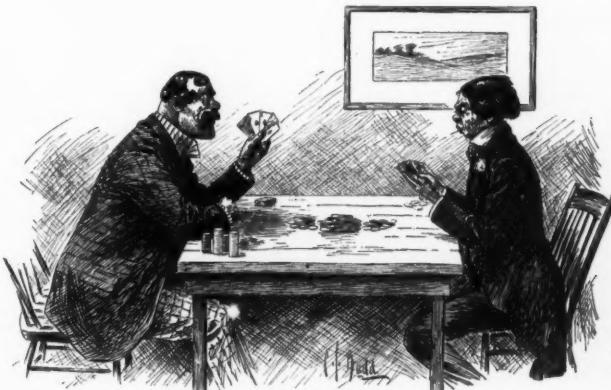


MY LADY.
 THE streets that were so dull and dark
 Are bright and fresh to-day;
 The air, once hot and dusty,
 Is sweet as new-mown hay.
 The country has no beauty now,
 The city holds the crown;
 And this because My Lady
 Once more has come to town. *S. G. E.*



THE SCHOOL OF SPARTA.

"SO YE IS BACK, AND YEZ A POSEY TO LOOK AT. NOW, LOOK HERE, OI AM GOIN' DOWN TO DTHE VILLAGE, AND IF OI FIND THAT WAN LESS THAN A DOZEN NAYGURS AND OITALIAN DAGOES IS not dthree-quarters chewed up, BE DTHE SAINTS OI'LL COME BACK HERE AND BURN YE UP IN DTHE SHTOVE!"



A VERY SIMPLE THING TO DO.

• LIE •



C. J. G.

WHAT DOES HE WANT

LIE



DOESHE WANT?



WILLIE HOWELLS
ON HIS FIRST HOBBY.

THE GROWTH OF GREATNESS. XVI.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

THIS gifted writer was once a little boy, and not very long ago, but to what extent he gave promise of his future glory is not within our knowledge. But if Bill Howells, the boy, was as delightful a companion as W. D. Howells, the man, there was no necessity of promises of any kind. His own personality was more than sufficient.

Mr. Howells has made the grievous error of differing from this publication on a literary question of some importance, and we still have the effrontery to regret that a writer so richly endowed should choose to despise his most artistic qualities and wander in the arid plains of realism. This world would have been a duller place if all other men of genius had been of his opinion. If Mozart, for instance, had devoted himself exclusively to the hand organ, or Humboldt had confined his studies to the potato, or if Paul Veronese had seen nothing beyond his own back yard.

If Mr. Howells were the average *fin de siècle* author, we might forgive him this sin, but that a citizen of his endowments should wilfully repress all the romance and poetry of his nature and find a delight in strangling his dramatic instinct is an offence that should not be too readily forgiven.

A SHINING EXAMPLE.

THERE is a man in Ocean Grove of the name of Stokes, a minister of the Gospel, and president of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association. Said Stokes has recently issued orders to all the hotel proprietors and managers to stop the sale of cigars and tobacco at once. Several of the hotel keepers have been selling cigars and the matter was brought to the attention of President Stokes.

Not only this, but all the nickel in the slot machines have been plugged up upon the Doctor's order.



WILLIAM HOWELLS, THE YOUNG AUTHOR OF PROMISE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1857.

Every year more or less orders of this sort are promulgated within the hallowed grounds of Ocean Grove and duly telegraphed to the papers by the alert correspondents stationed there by our enterprising contemporaries. Although LIFE is convinced that this sort of thing is done for advertising purposes, yet he does not hesitate to set forth this little item, as a means of enlightenment to managers of similar enterprises, who are not so prosperous, and who, perhaps, lack the brains and ability to use so-called Christianity as a trade boomer.

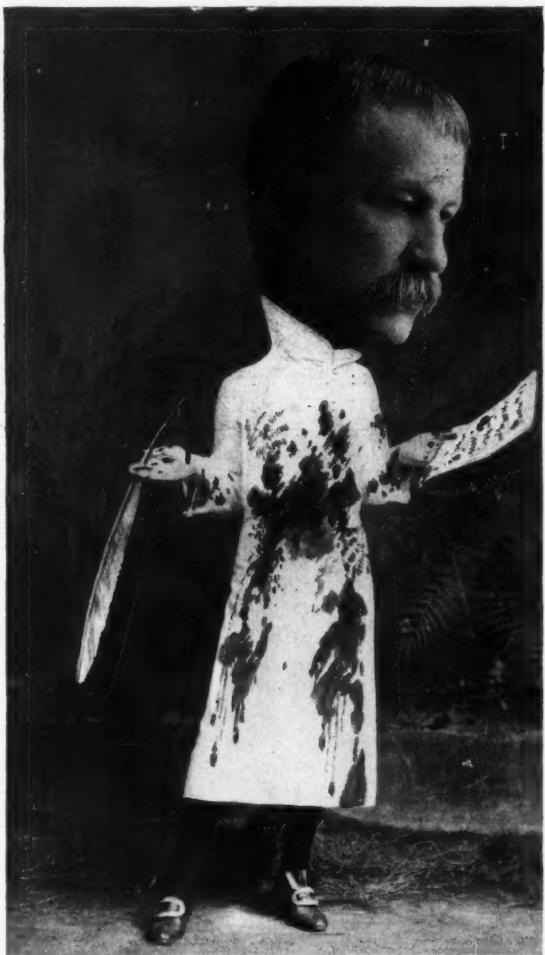
IN JUSTICE TO JONES.

“YOU said that Jones is a member of the Grand Army, didn't you?”

“Yes, but I want to add that he is also a veteran of the Civil War.”



HOMeward BOUND.



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.
AT WORK.

SATISFIED.

JANET'S vacation
now is o'er,
From foreign shores she's
back,
She's somewhat wiser
than before,
And prouder, too,
alack.

Her accent is a trifle
strange,
Her ways are foreign
ways,
That she has undergone
some change
Her ev'ry act betrays.
Yet utter I no word of
blame,
But smile contentedly,
Her heart, sweet maid,
remains the same,
It still belongs to me !

Nathan M. Levy.

HAVE PITY.

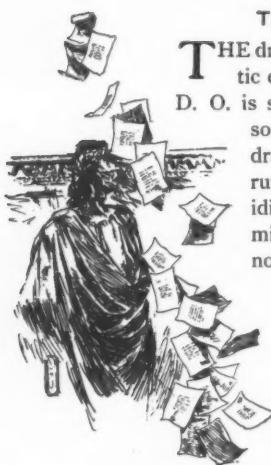
THERE should be a
booby prize in base-
ball. Then the ossified
exponents of the national
pastime, who are now do-
ing such high honor to the
great metropolis of the
country, would have be-
fore them a crowning ambition. At any rate, some pity should be shown
to the unfortunates who now compose the New York baseball team.

Ambulances should be used to take them to the grounds, and while the
game is on they should be provided with the latest thing in invalid chairs
to wheel them to and from the bases. Some brutal critics have betrayed a
lack of sympathy for them. But this is really what they need, or they
may not last until the close of the season.



THE LATEST THING OUT.

THE DRAMA OF AMERICA.



THE drama of America consists of the domestic outrage and the imported horror. The D. O. is subdivided into the "mouchoir" or society drama, and the "abattoir" or drama of the masses. The society play runs to flighty wives, slangy daughters, idiot sons, purple-neck brokers, tough millionaires of rustic origin and comic noblemen. The play has no morals worth mentioning; it sometimes has humor which the critics take seriously. The abattoir drama is loaded with heroic firemen, virtuous miners, pious stage-drivers, high-minded train robbers and gore; the villains are polite scoundrels from gilded club-houses who shock the virtue of the masses by clean linen and dress suits.

The Imported Horror is English or French, though occasionally a German nightmare gets through the Custom House.

The British drama is melodrama mellow to post-maturity, or a paretic farce adapted for idiot asylums. The British peerage furnishes the villainy, Whitechapel the virtue and Tommy Atkins the valor of this drama. Gunpowder perfumes the air of this drama, but the 400 tolerates the saltpetre for the sake of the hero's Holborn accent; for the hero must be imported with the drama, as high-born, Holborn manners cannot be raised in this climate without a tariff.

The French drama comes through the mails to avoid quarantine and is filled with bacteriological characters, whose manners and morals can readily be duplicated in the Tenderloin; but New York prefers French polish to American blacking. The French play is popular because it demonstrates that there are people who are worse than us who have no divorce courts. France breaks one commandment and keeps nine; America breaks nine and gives bonds to keep the other—occasionally. Thus we show our superiority to the depraved and volatile Gaul. The masses love the British Horror; it shows the inherent depravity of soap and water and aristocracies.

In matters dramatic America is progressive, and in this Republic dramatic literature and the drama have been placed on a solid basis by combining the ready-made and tailor-made methods of construction. In former times plays were built and players fitted themselves to them. To-day the actor goes to a popular dramatic tailoring firm and is measured for a tragedy, or comedy, or melodrama, according to his shape, season or circuit. An actor with a rolling eye or gait has his nautical drama; an actress with clothes shows her Worth in a society play; and a player with a stutter, a limp, a harsh laugh, or strabismus can have these talents enshrined in a dramatic setting. A manager with a menagerie, a saw-mill, a grievance, a law-suit, a prize-fighter, a lady of doubtful reputation, or any other marketable property on his hands, consults the dramatic clothier and goes confi-

dently to the American public to reap the rewards of genius. The pleasures of dramatic prosperity are more enjoyable than the applause of posterity; for posterity seldom settles at the box office. Pearls are no longer thrown to American swine; those interesting creatures are now given their regular and natural diet.

The native bucolic drama is the crowning glory of the age, and is designed to show the inherent virtue of rubber boots, blue overalls, mince pie and diphtheritic well water and the utter depravity of urban manners and the dress suit. The rustic mind has grasped the great truth that the Dress Suit is slowly but surely undermining the virtue of the Republic; and the dramatic tailoring firms have grasped the rustic mind. The Pilgrim Fathers did not wear this garment; George Washington resisted its baleful influences, and Jeremiah Simpson has put away a glittering garb hateful to the Cincinnati of Kansas; and the dress suit must sneak down the Corridors of time with the brand of Cain on its collar.

The necessity for Shakespeares, Sheridans and Goldsmiths is not apparent in this Republic; Kiralfy, Hoyt and other intellectual giants are good enough for us. But for the hopelessly congested condition of our idiot asylums the Theatre of Arts and Letters might still be wide open, but the Magazine Dramatists were too practical to keep the machinery going when law and medicine conspired to lock up their audiences. That theatre is now closed and Arts and Letters are taking a protracted vacation in the coal bins of the magazines.

Joseph Smith.

WANTED TO SEE THE FUN.

EASTERN STRANGER: What are they lynching him for?

QUICK DROP DAN: Attempting suicide.

EASTERN STRANGER: They might just as well have let him kill himself.

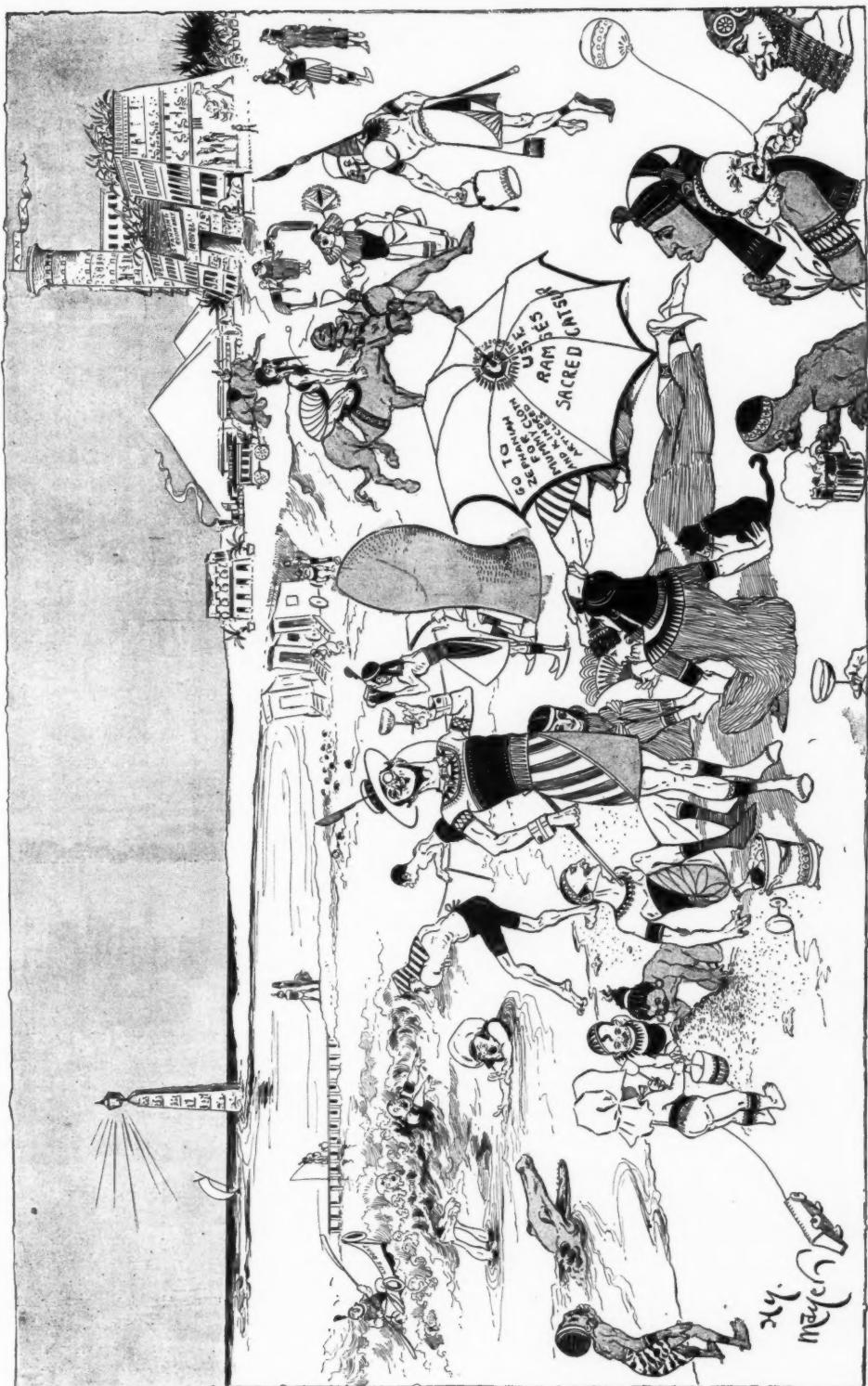
QUICK DROP DAN: No, siree. The boys out here don't believe in a feller being so selfish.

JACK: Half a dozen of my girl's cousins are growing up, and I am considering the question as to when I should stop kissing them. What do you think?

"There's only one rule, my dear fellow. When they are old enough for you to enjoy it, then it's time to stop."



GUM DROPS.



ON EGYPT'S CONEY ISLAND.



IN 1871, when the government of M. Thiers was at Versailles, and before the National Assembly had decided whether the new constitution was to be monarchical or republican, the late Comte de Paris visited the palace at Versailles. As he was about to enter the door, M. Jules Simon met and recognized him. Bowing politely, M. Simon said: "If we are a republic, you are in my house, and I shall be delighted to do the honors. If we are a monarchy, I am in yours." The count laughed, took his arm, and replied: "Let us go in together."—*Argonaut*.

A FAMOUS landscape painter had to call in a doctor to see his wife, who was suffering from bronchitis. After he had examined the patient, the doctor recommended the husband to take a small brush, dip it in tincture of iodine and lightly paint the lady's back with it. The artist took up his brush, and after dipping it in the tincture proceeded to carry out the doctor's prescription. But his artistic temperament soon got the better of his sick nursing qualities. Mistaking his wife's back for a canvass, instead of simply applying the lotion he sketched out a landscape and gradually peopled it with figures and put in all the details complete. The patient, finding the operation a rather lengthy one, asked her husband if he had finished. And the latter, receding a few steps to examine his work, replied, "another dab or two, and then I can put it in the frame."—*Boston Traveler*.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS

WHEN LOVE IS DONE. By Ethel Davis. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

Storm King. By Mansfield Lovell Hillhouse. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

Duty Don't Care. By Mary Farrington Foster. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

Macaria. By Augusta J. Evans. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

Drumsticks. By Katherine Mary Cheever Meredith. New York and London: The Transatlantic Publishing Company.

Inez. By Augusta J. Evans. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

IT is told in a recent book of law anecdotes that a member of the Boston bar, meeting one day Judge Lord, an able and conscientious judge, said to him:

"I see, judge, that the Supreme Court has overruled you in the case of — vs. —, but you need feel no concern about your reputation."

"No," answered the judge, "I don't; I'm only concerned about the reputation of the Supreme Court."

Two young men, both desperately in love with a girl who would have nothing to do with them, formed the joint resolve to throw themselves into the river. Standing on the bank, one of them, ready to take the fatal plunge, called out:

"Now for it!"

"After you, please," was the other's polite rejoinder.—*Bunte Allerlei*.

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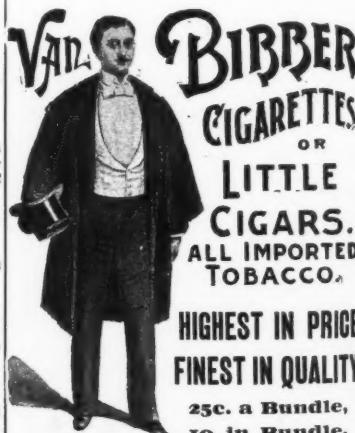
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